WRECKS of the MASSACHUSETTS COAST

by PERCY M CUSHING

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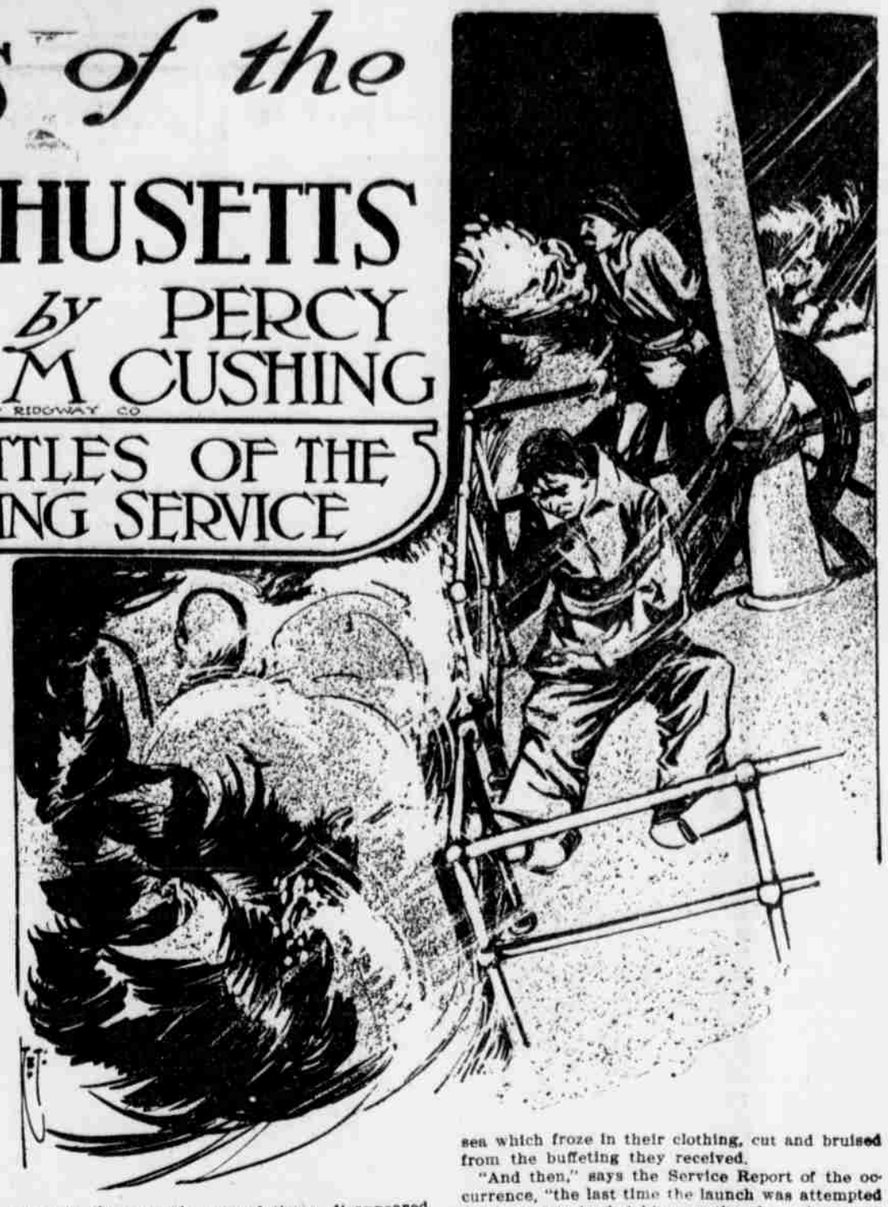
HEROIC BATTLES OF THE LIFE-SAVING SERVICE



IF YOU run through the history of the United States life saving service, you will find that, with the exception of occasional widely separated years, the coast of Massachusetts lays claim to more disasters than any stretch of seaboard within the scope of beach patrol, Long Island and New Jersey not excepted. This is partly on account of the particularly heavy sea-traffic in the vicinity, but it is chiefly due to Cape Cod. It is this crooked finger of land that has beckoned a thousand ships to their doom and which in the hollows of its dunes holds many a tragic story of lives snuffed out in desperate grapple with wave and wind.

The night of Tuesday, March 11, 1902, was wild and storm-strewn. Running up along the coast, the ocean-going tug Sweepstakes was making bad weather with her tow of the two big barges, Wadena and John C. Fitzpatrick. For hours the triple-expansion engines of the tug had been churning her screw in the drift of the heavy head sea and shortly before daylight her captain discovered that she was making no headway. He then decided to lie to and, while feeling about for an anchorabe in the gloom, the barges ran aground on the edge of Shovelful Shoal, off the southern end of Monomoy island, Massachusetts.

When daylight came, the crew of the Monomoy life saving station boarded the barges, but finding it impossible to float them on the flood tide, took their crews ashore.

It was six days later that the disaster occurred. Wreckers sent from Boston were at work on the barges. The tug Peter Smith was on the ground, having replaced the Sweepstakes. On the night of the 16th the weather thickened and a gale swept in from the sea.

The night passed without incident, but early on the morning of the 17th Keeper Eldridge of the Monomoy station received a telephone from the captain of the Smith asking him if everything was all right on the Wadena. This alarmed Eldridge, as he did not know any one had been left on the barge all night. He started at once for the point of the island, three miles away, to look over the situation. The Wadena lay half a mile off shore from the point. She seemed to be riding easily on the bar, but the distress was flying from her rigging. This was a signal Eldridge could not ignore.

It was a terrific pull through the breakers that rolled in across the shoals to the Wadena, but the life-savers accomplished it and put their boat under the lee of the barge at about noon. Keeper Eldridge then directed the men to get into the surfboat and told thm that he would take them ashore. The rail of the big barge was a dozen feet from the water and it was here that the trouble began.

The men on the barge lowered themselves overside on a rope, but as Captain Olsen, a very large man, was halfway down, he lost his hold and fell on the second thwart of the lifeboat, breaking it, and making it impossible for the rowers to use it. In addition, the boat was crowded and the wind, which had been momentarily increasing, was tumbling huge combers into the windward of the barge. It was into this maelstrom of breakers that it was necessary for the handicapped crew of the life-saving station to pull their overloaded boat, and they made a swift and able attempt to accomplish it. At the instant the starboard oarsmen were swinging the head of the life-boat to meet the sea, a giant comber lifted under the quarter and dashed a barrel of water overside. That was the signal for a panic among the rescued men that, before it subsided, cost twelve lives.

The Portuguese wreckers, in a frenzy of fear, stood up in the boat, rocking it to and fro in their endeavors to escape the momentary inrush of water, and though the life-savers fought to force them into the bottom of the craft, this could not be done before the next shouldering wave caught the bow of the boat, swung her broadside and turned her over.

Then ensued a desperate struggle for life. A hundred yards to leeward the breakers were smashing themselves into white foam on the bar. There was just one chance in a million that the boat could be righted before the sea carried her into them. Once she reached them it would be all over. Hampered by the wreckers, the life-savers fought desperately in those few minutes left before the combers should be reached. Three times they righted the boat and strove heroically to bail her, but each time she was again overturned. They were fighting the last tragic fight when they were swept into the smothering foam of the bar.

At that instant seven men, including all from the Wadena, went to face their maker. Five of the hardiest of the life-savers still clung to the capsized boat. They were Keeper Eldridge and Surfmen Ellis, Kendrick, Foye and Rogers. By a superhuman effort Kendrick crawled to the bottom of the overturned craft, but the next sea swept him to join the seven who had gone a moment before. Foye was the next. "Good-by, boys," he gasped as a smother of foam took him. That left Ellis, Rogers and Eldridge the keeper, and Eldridge was fast losing strength.

In a brief lull in the wash of the sea, Ellis crawled to the bottom of the boat. Below him, a foot away, was the keeper, a friend since boyhood. At the risk of his own life, Ellis dropped into the water again, pushed Eldridge up on the bottom with his last strength, and again crawled out himself. The next second a sea washed both off and the keeper, after losing and regaining his grasp on the gunwale several times, disappeared in the maelstrom of water. That left Ellis and Rogers, a big and very strong man.

In this desperate moment Rogers threw his arms around the other surfman's neck in a death-grip. For moments, while the sea battered and the foam strangled them, they fought the last grim fight for life, Ellis to break the grip of his frenzied comrade, Rogers to retain it. Suddenly, when it seemed that both must drown, Rogers' strength left him. His arms relaxed; his eyes glazed. "I'm going!" he gasped and sank.

A moment later the boat drifted inshore of the outer breakers and for a brief space was in smoother water. Ellis once more crawled out on the bottom and succeeded in pulling the centerboard out so that he could hold on to it and better maintain his position.

Now, you will remember that at the time of the stranding of the Wadena, the John C. Fitzpatrick, her sister barge had also gone aground. She had gone over the outer bar and was lying between it and the inner breakers. On board her was Capt. Elmer F. Mayo, of Chatham, who was in charge of lightening her. The Fitzpatrick was so far away from the Wadena that Captain Mayo, and two other men who were with him, did not see the life-saving boat go out, nor did they have any knowledge of the grim tragedy that was being enacted, until, glancing over the rail, Captain Mayo saw an overturned life-boat with a single man clinging to it.

The capsized boat was some distance from the barge, but Mayo did not hesitate. "I'll get that fellow," he announced coolly.

On the deck of the Fitzpatrick lay a small twelve-foot dory, the only boat aboard, a totally unfit craft for the furious sea that was thundering across the shoals. Kicking off his boots, Mayo and the other men, who begged him not to go as it would be certain death, ran the dory overside.

How the captain of the wrecking crew kept his fragile craft afloat, those who watched him from the Fitzpatrick could nover understand. But he did keep her afloat, and the set of the tide and the gale carried him down toward the capsized life-boat to which Ellis clung now with the last of his ebbing strength.

The life-saver said afterward that he saw a dory thrown over the side of the Fitzpatrick as he drifted near her, but that a moment later the scud and the spindrift were driven so thick and ceaselessly before his eyes that he saw nothing, until suddenly out of the mist a tiny, bobbing boat loomed a dozen feet away. Then the occupant of this boat shot her skilfully alongside the swamped life-boat and the exhausted surfman toppled into her.

Mayo, with the half-conscious life-saver lying limp in the bottom of the dory, had kept his word to his mates on the Fitzpatrick.

Necessarily, the most thrilling stories of the coast-watchers are those in which loss of life is entailed and therefore, in a measure, they are accounts of the failures of the men of the service. But they are stories of noble failures and behind some of them lie tragedies other than those of death.

Perhaps one of the greatest of these is woven about the career of Captain David H. Atkins, until November 30, 1880, keeper of the Peaked Hill Bar station, Cape Cod.

This man had followed the sea from boy-hood, whaling, fishing and coasting. In 1872 he became keeper of the Peaked Hill Bar station.

Then came a wild day in April, 1879, and, as it appears in the chronicles of the department at Washington, "a blot fell across the record of Keeper Atkins."

On this April day the Schooner Sarah J. Fort stranded near Peaked Hill Bar. A terrific sea, coupled with an onshore hurricane and a temperature very low for the time of the year, faced Atkins and his crew as they discovered the schooner and took their apparatus to the beach.

Without hesitation the keeper ordered the surfboat launched, but the sea was so heavy that it was thrown back on the beach. Time and again in the twenty hours of watching and battling with the storm that followed the keeper led his men into the breakers with the boat, but each time they were beaten back drenched with the winter sea which froze in their clothing, cut and bruised from the buffeting they received.

"And then," says the Service Report of the occurrence, "the last time the launch was attempted the boat was hurled high on the shore, her crew were spilled out like matches from the box and the boat was shattered. And Captain Atkins and his men, having eaten nothing since the evening before, spent, faint, heart-sick, had been baffled and had to endure the mortification of seeing a rescue effected by an un-worn volunteer crew in a fresh boat brought from the town. The investigation revealed that the men upon the wreck might have been properly landed by the life-lines but for Keeper Atkins' failure to employ the Lyle gun which had recently been furnished the station, through a singular inapprehension of its powers."

It was a bitter pill for the service—the defeat of its men by a volunteer crew.

The night of November 30, 1880, was clear but windy. A heavy gale was piling the surf over the outer bar off the Peaked Hill Bar station. Surfmen Fisher and Kelley left the station at four o'clock to make the eastward and westward patrol. Kelley started from the door first. As he did so he heard the slatting of sails and the banging of blocks above the wind. At the westward he saw the lights of a vessel close inshore.

Shouting to Fisher to give the alarm, he ran down the beach, burning his Coston light. Keeper Atkins glanced at the surf and ordered out the boat. The men dragged it eastward until they were opposite the stranded vessel, which proved to be the sloop C. E. Trumbull of Rockport. The crew manned the boat.

The story of what took place out there under the darkness on Keeper Atkins' last errand of rescue is best told, perhaps, in the personal account of Isaiah Young, one of the survivors. The narrative of this man, in his own words, is taken from the Life Saving Report of 1881. It reads:

"When we launched, the vessel was still some to the eastward. We went off in this manner to take advantage of the tide that was running to the eastward between the bar and the shore. It was low tide. The sea was smooth on the shore, but on the bar, where the vessel lay, it was rough enough to be dangerous.

"We hauled up from the boat until the bow lapped on to her quarter. Keeper Atkins called to them to jump in.

"We landed four persons. This trip could not have consumed more than fifteen minutes.

"When we pulled up again, after being thrown back, Taylor stood in the bow with the line ready to heave. I cautioned Keeper Atkins to have a care for the boom. He said, 'Be ready with the boat-hook; I will look out for the boom.' I was just taking up the hook when a sea came around the stern, threw the stern of the boat more toward the boom as the vessel rolled to leeward and the boom went into the water.

"As the vessel rolled to windward and the boom rose it caught under the cork belt near the stroke rowlock and threw us over, bottom up.

"We rolled the boat over, right side up, and I was the first to get into her. Others got in; I am not positive how many. She did not keep right side up more than two minutes when a sea rolled us over again. We got on again and were washed off two or three times before I struck out for the shore. I asked Mayo to strike with me, as I knew him to be an excellent swimmer; but he said that we could not hold out to reach the shore and he would stay by the boat. Keeper Atkins was holding by the boat.

"Kelley had already struck out. I heard Taylor groan near me as I started, but did not see him.

"I saw a gap in the beach which must have been Clara Bell Hollow, two miles from Station No. 7. When about three seas from the shore my sight began to fail and soon I could see nothing; but I kept swimming.

"I recollect Surfman Cole saying, 'For God's sake, Isaiah, is this you?' and of his taking me up. I knew nothing more until I found myself in the station, after being resuscitated. I should think that I remained by the boat half an hour before I struck out. The cork belt was all that enabled me to reach the shore. The cork belts in the boat are a good thing and should be kept on."

Thus Keeper Atkins died with his boots on, as he said he would die if necessary, in the performance of his duty.

The KITCHEN CABINET

EVERY task wrought out in patience
Brings a blessing to the doer.
Joy comes to the waiting worker.
But eludes the swift pursuer.

FROZEN DISHES.

There is no dessert which ever takes the place of ices and ice creams during the hot weather; they are not only refreshing but nourishing, and are so universally well liked that one cannot go amiss to serve them on all occasions.

The plain Philadelphia ice cream may be used as a foundation for any number of delightful combinations, for example:

Nougat Ice Cream.—Add a half cupful each of chopped filberts, walnuts and almonds with a teaspoonful each of almond and vanilla extract. One can buy the plain cream all frozen in many places so reasonably, and it can be repacked with any additions of fruit or nuts, making the work very light.

The flavor of peach is given by putting two cups of strained peach pulp and a teaspoonful of lemon juice to plain ice cream.

A delicious flavor of almonds is given to ice cream in this manner: Blanch and chop a cup of almonds, carmelize four tablespoonfuls of sugar and add the almonds. When cold grind to a powder, add to the cream with a teaspoonful of almond extract.

The most delicious of creams is made by adding two cups of squeezed and strained raspberries to the cream. The color is enhanced by the addition of a teaspoon of lemon juice.

A pretty and easy way to make fancy dessert is raspberry bombe: Line a melon mold with raspberry ice and fill with vanilla ice cream or with a pineapple ice or ice cream. Pack in ice and salt and let stand four hours. Serve with whipped cream or garnish with fresh berries and leaves.

Sultana Roll.—This is a great favorite and can be made without the use of liquor. Line one pound baking powder cans with pistachio ice cream (this is plain cream with the chopped nuts frozen in it). Sprinkle with candied fruit that has stood over night in sweetened and flavored whipped cream. Pack as usual. Serve with the sauce in which the fruit has stood over night.

TAKE your needle, my child, and work at your pattern; it will come out a rose by and by. Life is like that—one stitch at a time taken patiently, and the pattern will come out all right like the embroidery.
—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

HOT WEATHER DISHES.

A fetching and appetizing salad is this: Lay a slice of chilled pineapple on a lettuce leaf, heap a nicely seasoned spoonful of cream cheese in the center and sprinkle with chopped pecans, peanuts or pistachio nuts. Serve with French dressing.

German Salad.—Boil a white, solid head of cabbage until perfectly tender; drain carefully and put to press between two weights until quite cold. Then slice and place in a salad bowl with half a dozen cold boiled potatoes cut in slices, a sliced beet, and half a dozen hard cooked eggs cut in slices, a finely chopped onion, and a quarter of a sour orange; mix gently. Have ready a cupful of tartar sauce, season with salt, pepper, mix again and serve with any cold roast. A drop or two of tabasco sauce is an improvement.

Tartar Sauce.—Mix a tablespoonful of vinegar, a teaspoonful of lemon juice, a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce in a bowl and heat over hot water. Brown a third of a cup of butter in an omelet pan and add to the first mixture.

Fried Tomatoes With Cream Sauce.—Cut tomatoes in halves without peeling, season with salt, pepper and roll in very fine crumbs. Fry in hot fat until brown, then take up carefully with a pancake turner and arrange on a chop plate. Add a tablespoonful of drippings to the fat already in the pan, stir in a tablespoonful of flour and as soon as it bubbles add a cup of rich milk. Stir until smooth and pour around the tomatoes.

Oatmeal Drink.—Mix a tablespoonful of fine oatmeal into a smooth paste with water, then pour over three pints of boiling water, stirring all the time. Place over the heat and boil until reduced to two pints. Set aside to cool, and pour the clear gruel from the sediment. Add to this the juice of a lemon and sufficient sugar to sweeten. Serve cold.

Lemon Fizz.—Grate yellow rind from three lemons, squeeze the juice of six, pour over two quarts of boiling water, stir in a half pound of sugar, and a half yeast cake. Let stand over night. Bottle, and it is ready for use in a day.

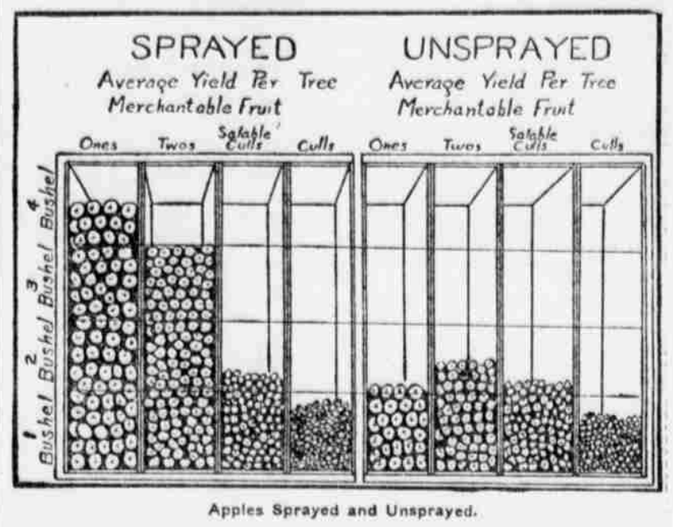
Nellie Maxwell.

North Carolina Forests.

There are more than 10,000,000 acres of forest lands in North Carolina. These forests and the industries depending upon them produce material valued at more than $35,000,000 a year and afford employment for 30,000 men.

EXPERIMENTS SHOW SPRAYING SAVES MUCH OF APPLE CROP

Results in Kansas Give Increase in Actual and Relative Amount of Fruit Raised—All Seriously Injurious Insects and Fungus Diseases Have Been Markedly Reduced.



Apples Sprayed and Unsprayed.

For the purpose of showing the farmer and fruit grower how he might save that part of the apple crop which is usually sacrificed to insects and fungi, most excellent experiments were made during one entire season, by the Kansas College of Agriculture, the college men going into the field and personally carrying on the work of spraying. The results of the spraying were uniformly good, and the owners of the sprayed orchards were well pleased.

The following splendid results of this work are valuable to farmers and fruit growers in every other state in the union as well as Kansas, for they demonstrate beyond a doubt the helpfulness of spraying.

Commercial results from seven widely separated orchards, including both commercial and home types and composed of the varieties of apples recognized as standard in Kansas, carefully sprayed showed an average gain of four bushels in actual yield of merchantable fruit per tree, or 37 per cent compared with untreated parts of the same orchards.

Not only was the actual and relative amount of merchantable fruit materially increased, but the average percentage of number 1's and number 2's, which are the high-priced grades, was also increased by 15 per cent and 6.6 per cent, respectively.

The average net profit from spraying was shown to be $1.62 per tree, or $97.20 per acre when the fruit was sold as "orchard run," and to be almost doubled when properly graded and marketed.

All seriously injurious insects and fungous diseases have been markedly reduced and most of them have been made almost negligible.

Prepared lime-sulphur plus arsenate of lead has produced the best results on apples subject to Bordeaux injury and nearly free from apple blotch, while Bordeaux mixture plus varieties attacked by apple blotch.

ECCENTRIC FARM WORK THAT PAID

English Gentleman Used Novel Method of Ridding Farm of Injurious Potato Beetle.

(By J. H. HAYNES.)

On a neighboring farm lived an English gentleman who certainly had some novel methods of working.

His farm consisted of some clay lands. In the center of this farm was a very rich, black field that had formerly been a swamp.

The soil was mainly made up of decayed vegetation, and when drained was as loose as an ash heap.

In this field he annually grew potatoes and watermelons. When the Colorado potato bug came around he headed them off in this way:

He planted the potatoes in drills and leveled the land smooth. When the potatoes began to come up he ran along the rows a cultivator and covered all the young shoots under.

In a week or so when they made a second appearance he did the same thing, using a larger shovel on the cultivator. This was done the third time using a single shovel plow which left the rows properly hilled up.

The bugs never got a chance at the potatoes—get disgusted and looked for other fields to work on.

The covering of the shoots seemed to help, for when they were left to the light and air they grew tremendously thrifty.

He raised watermelons and lots of them, but not for the usual purpose they are grown.

He pressed the juice from the melons, boiled it down in copper evaporators to a fair syrup, and with this syrup he used apples for thickening, to make apple butter, and it was of a quality hard to beat.

He supplied large quantities of it to the near-by markets and at good prices. The syrup was of finest quality and much of it was used.

CARING FOR PIGS DURING SUMMER

Business Should be Conducted in Careful and Business-Like Way for Ultimate Success.

(By A. J. LEGG.)

Many farmers think that they cannot afford to feed the pigs liberally during the summer season. The pigs are allowed to shift for themselves in many instances and of course do not make much growth but one may see a pretty good profit in feeding at the present high prices of both feed and pork.

The hogs will just about live on the pasture they can gather from the field and what grain is given them goes to growth and any one who has tried it has found that only a moderate ration fed to the shoats on pasture will make a good growth throughout the season.

Early spring pigs of any good breed can be made to average a pound of gain a day by the time they are eight or ten months old and a large part of this can be made on pasture.

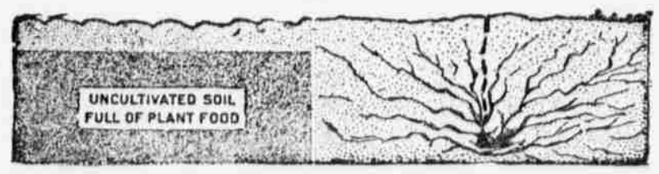
The pig that is fed enough food to keep it growing rapidly from the start to finish is usually the most profitable porker.

In some sections where there is sufficient waste crop to fatten the hogs it may be profitable to allow the shoats to shift for themselves.

However, usually the hogs that are allowed to shift for themselves and get fat on the waste are easy victims of cholera and swine plague. There is a section in the western part of my country in West Virginia where the hogs are allowed the free range of the forests and that locality is visited by cholera every year or two.

There are quite as many hogs that die from cholera there as ever reach the pork barrel. Hog raising as a business must be treated in a business way and if it is conducted without cost there is little profit.

SUBSOILING WITH DYNAMITE



A method of subsoiling that is attracting a great deal of attention is dynamite blasting. The claim made for this practice is that it virtually changes a farm from a 6 or 8-inch layer of top soil to a 6-foot layer because of the food in the lower strata made available by blowing daylight into them. The dynamite has a three-fold effect on the soil. It not only pulverizes it, making it ideal for root growth, but it irrigates and drains it at one and the same operation. The cost of 'shooting-up" an acre of ground, labor and all included, is said to approximate $15 an acre. So far the main objection to the use of dynamite on the farm is the fear of it, says the Missouri Valley Farmer. It is dangerous unless handled right, but so is gasoline, a shotgun, or a mule for that matter. It is not exploded as easily as commonly supposed. Dropping it on the ground or similar accidents have no effect on it. The various manufacturers of the explosive issue printed instructions on the use of dynamite in farming based on tests and experiments.

The illustration shows a piece of ground before and after being treated by dynamite.